

# The Red Cloud Chief

## Perpetual Motion Cranks.

In the days of the Mayflower the first perpetual motion inventors took out their patents for "Engines which being put in order will cause and maintain their own motions with continuance and without any borrowed force of man, horse, wind, river or brooke," and in the last century they have applied for about 600 patents which are based chiefly on the force of gravity, loss of equilibrium, specific gravity of floats and weights immersed in water or other liquid, accession of receptacles inflated with air or gas under water, compression and subsequent expansion of gases and of the surface tension of liquids. So sanguinely hopeful are these ingenious designers that in many cases they provide brakes to stop their machines if necessary or to prevent any dangerous increase of speed. The care and thought expended on the principle and detail of many of the inventions demonstrate that many men of mental ability cling to the idea that perpetual motion is possible and that they themselves are successfully solving the problem.

## How to Shoot a Rattler.

The writer once saw an Indian kill a rattlesnake in a very peculiar manner. The rattler was about ten feet from the Indian, who was resting the rifle on his knee, apparently taking aim. Whenever he moved the rattle a few inches the snake would move around and get exactly in line with it. Then, to show how the thing was done, the Indian moved about the snake in a circle, and the reptile moved as if its tail were on a pivot, always keeping its head and body in line with the gun. The Indian then agreed to bandage his eyes and shoot the snake in the mouth. The writer bandaged the Indian's eyes, and, holding the gun by his side at arm's length, the latter pulled the trigger, and the ball entered the snake's mouth and passed the whole length of its body. "How do you take aim?" was the query. "The snake, he takes aim," was the reply. We have talked with an old hunter on this proposition, and he claims that a rattlesnake will always range directly in line with a gun or stick pointed at it.—Exchange.

## Snakes as War Weapons.

When Hannibal, the great Carthaginian, was fighting Eumenes of Pergamos with a fleet of very inferior strength he hit upon an artifice which would scarcely be sanctioned by the laws of what we are pleased to call civilized warfare. He discovered by means of a bogus message under a flag of truce on which ship the king was. He then caused poisonous snakes to be inclosed in earthen jars. These he distributed among several ships and ordered them to close up on the king's galley. In the melee that followed the jars were flung on to the deck. The curious bombs were greeted at first with ridicule, which soon changed to panic when the nature of their contents made itself manifest. The galley was extricated from the fight as soon as possible, and the captains of the others, believing that the king had taken flight, followed suit, with the result that Hannibal gained a complete victory.

## Cats as Retrievers.

"It is claimed," said a Chicago antiquary, "that cats may be trained as retrievers—trained to swim to your slain birds and bring them back to you in their mouths. The thing sounds incredible, but look here."  
He held up the photograph of an ancient Egyptian painting. Men with spears rode on the Nile. In some of the boats large cats sat on their haunches in the stern, while toward others several cats swam with dead birds in their mouths.  
"This picture," said the antiquary, "proves that the Egyptians used cats for hunting dogs. If they, why not we? The original of the picture is in the British museum, where there are also several pieces of carving that display the cat in the role of a retriever."

## The German and the Fatherland.

A German always remains a German. He respects and loves his fatherland, although isolated and separated from it by boundless oceans and vast continents. A German heart always remains true to the country where it first commenced to beat until it is silenced by death. As a rule, to which there are few exceptions, a man who is loyal to the country of his birth will be loyal to the country of his adoption.—Dr. Nicholas Senn.

## Niagara.

Niagara is a corruption of the Seneca word "neagara," meaning "across the neck," an allusion to a strip of land between the lakes. The name has been subjected to many changes since the discovery of the cataract, more than thirty different readings being found in the writings of the various early explorers and geographers.

## What He Would Do.

Grandpapa—Tommy, Tommy, you aren't behaving well. Do you know what I should do if I were a little boy like you? Tommy—Yes, grandpapa, I would do the same as I do!

'cause if you didn't you wouldn't be a little boy like me.

## The Universe.

The heavens themselves, the planets and this center, observe degree, priority and place, Insisture, course, proportion, season, form, office and custom, and all in line of order.—Shakespeare.

## Asks a Good Deal.

"How about the rent of this house of yours, Flitter? Doesn't the landlord ask a good deal for it?"  
Flitter—Yes. He often asks five and six times a month for it.

The kangaroo readily jumps from sixty to seventy feet. The highest recorded leap of a horse is thirty-seven feet.

## Cinderella.

It was in ancient Egypt that the story of Cinderella originated. Moderns, however, owe the familiar nursery story directly to the Frenchman, Charles Perrault, whose "Cendrillon" appeared at the end of the seventeenth century. Perrault took his Cinderella from earlier versions, which came no doubt from the story of Rhodopis' bath. That Egyptian beauty had prepared to bathe when an eagle swooped on one of her slippers, carried it to Memphis and dropped it on the lap of King Psammetichus as he sat administering justice. He admired it, had Egypt searched for its owner, married her and lived happy ever after.

## The Painting Jeffersons.

"The Siege of Belgrade," a comic opera by Cobb, was the first new production in New York in 1796-97. For it Mr. Jefferson's grandfather, Joseph Jefferson 1st, painted the scenery, and in it he played the character of Leopold. Mr. Jefferson's father, Joseph Jefferson 2d, who, like his illustrious son, was born in Philadelphia, was more manager than actor and more painter than either. As a boy he studied architecture and drawing, and he was also pupil to the scenic artist Robert Coyle, an Englishman of repute at that period.—Francis Wilson in Scribner's.

## Fresh Air.

Fresh air clears the cobwebs from the brain, puts new strength into the muscles, a new life into the blood, a new lightness into the step. It brushes away the petty ills that bother everyday life and helps one to bear with greater patience. It strengthens the shoulders for the burdens that are laid upon them. It makes the hardest work lighter and the hardest day brighter.

## Easy.

"Well," pondered the new answers-to-correspondents editor: "I wonder how to answer this. Here's a subscriber who wants to know what's a good thing to take ink stains out of white fabric."  
"That's easy," replied the sporting editor, "a pair of scissors."

## Barred.

Baron Alderson once released from his duties a juror who stated that he was deaf in one ear. "You may leave the box," said his lordship, "since it is necessary you should hear both sides."

## Blood Medicine.

"The duke's marriage to the American was a bitter pill for his family to swallow."  
"That is the way with medicine for impoverished blood."

## Alive Four Months in a Grave.

Hari Das, the great Hindoo fakir, who lived in the first half of the nineteenth century, is the only wonder worker of modern times who has ever allowed himself to be buried in the ground for months. In the year 1839 Hari told General Ventura that for a certain fee he would allow a committee to test the claims which he made of being able to die and remain dead for months and then come to life again. When all was arranged Hari hypnotized himself to such a degree that his circulation was wholly stopped. When he was pronounced dead to all intents and purposes he was buried in a garden and a high wall built around the grave. Guards were stationed on the wall so that interference or deception would be impossible. Four months later Hari was exhumed according to agreement, and after a few minutes of vigorous rubbing of his body by friends he opened his eyes, and an hour later he was well and able to walk. The fakir was clean shaven when buried and is said to have come out of the grave in the same shape, a fact which is cited to prove that vitality must have been completely suspended.

## Seventeenth Century Superstitions.

That it is a very unfortunate thing for a man to meet early in a morning an ill favored man or woman, a rough footed Hen, a shag-haired Dogge, or a blacke Cat. That it is a signe of death to some in that house, where Crickets have bin many yeeres, if on a sudden they forsake the Chimney Corner. That if a man dream of eggs or fire he shall heare of anger. That to dreame of the devil is good lucke. That to dreame of gold good lucke, but of silver ill. That if a man be born in the daytime he shall be unfortunate. That if a child be born with a Caule on his head he

shall be very fortunate. That when the palme of the right hand itcheth it is a shrewd sign he shall receive money. That it is a great signe of ill lucke it Rats gnaw a mans clothes. That it is naught for any man to give a paire of Knives to his sweetheart, for feare it cuts away all love that is between them. That it is ill lucke to have the saltseller fall toward you.

## Likes Being Hunted.

The extraordinary intelligence and skill displayed by reynard when being hunted makes it extremely probable that he, in common with the huntsman and the hounds, feels the keen pleasure of the pride of art—an important constituent of the spirit of the sport. In proof of this, an old fox, when fresh, has often been observed to wait for the hounds, apparently with the purpose of drawing them on, and so giving an opportunity for the display of his skill. The fox owes his present existence in England to his skill in providing sport, and it is not therefore unreasonable to suppose that he has acquired the sporting instinct, just as the pointer, the hunter and the terrier certainly enter into the spirit of the sport for which they have been bred and to which, therefore, they owe their existence.—London Standard.

## Ostriches Are Poor Sailors.

"Ostriches are terrible creatures to have aboard ship in a storm," said a sailor. "Knocked about by the waves, they fall and break their legs. We once carried eight superb ostriches. They were good sailors. Their sea appetites were fine. But two days from port a nasty gale overtook us. And then it was pitiful to see those ostriches. The ship's lurches and ducks knocked them off their pins, sent them rolling back and forth, to and fro, wildly, helplessly. Imagine a dozen ostriches, now on their feet, then—bang—on their backs, their long legs in the air, rolling every which way. What you'd expect to happen happened, of course. Their legs broke. You could hear above the storm the sharp crack of the splitting bone. Of those eight fine ostriches only two reached port alive."

## Books Written in Jail.

Jail seems to be a good place in which to write books. Literary men surpass themselves there. John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" in jail. Cervantes wrote "Dox Quixote" in prison. Defoe laid the plans for "Robinson Crusoe" during a term of confinement imposed on him for the writing of a pamphlet called "The Shortest Way With the Dissenters." Leigh Hunt wrote "Rimlin" in jail. Sir Walter Raleigh during his fourteen years' imprisonment in the Tower of London wrote his excellent "History of the World." Silvio Pellico and Tasso both did their best work in jail.

## Food and Digestion.

One of the biggest mistakes about food which people make is to forget that the true value of food to anybody is the measure of its digestibility. Half a pound of cheese is vastly more nourishing, as regards its mere composition, than half a pound of beef; but while the beef will be easily digested, and thus be of vast service to us, the cheese is put out of court altogether for ordinary folks by reason of its indigestibility. We should bear this rule in mind when we hear people comparing one food with another in respect of their chemical value.

## A Careful Official.

"Some years ago," remarked a physician, "when the people in the south feared that an epidemic of yellow fever would spread from Cuba to this country the health board officer of a certain southern city was so careful to keep out the infection that he gave orders to disinfect all telegrams received from Havana."

## One Sided Talk.

He—Wasn't there some talk about a duke marrying a duke? She—There was, but unfortunately the duke did none of the talking.

## Gulls as Life Savers.

"I wouldn't no more kill a gull than I would a baby," said the sailor.  
"Why not?"  
"Why not? Because gulls has saved my life, that's why not. Gulls is life savers. They've saved the lives of thousands of seamen. They ought to all wear round their sleek white necks a pink silk ribbon with one of them there Andy Carnegie medals tied to it. Wunst, off the Orkneys, in a fog, we lost our bearin's, and we'd ha' run aground and drowned sure if the loud screamin' of the gulls on the cliffs hadn't give us timely warnin'. So it goes. Time after time in black, stormy nights, in mists and fogs, gulls' cries, as good as any fog horn, warns sailors what has lost their way off deadly coasts."

## Admits He Was One.

Mrs. Henpeck—You acted like a fool when you proposed to me. Henpeck—That wasn't acting, my dear.—Pearson's Weekly.

Self conquest is the greatest victory.—Plato.

## Bascom and His Students.

John Bascom, once president of the University of Wisconsin, always had keen insight into men, and for much of his life college students constituted a rank for him. Once when he was a class officer the names of two men were read by him as absent from morning prayers. One of them, a plebeian, stopped at his desk and said: "Professor, when the chapel bell was ringing I was engaged in prayer and did not hear it."  
"You're not excused," responded John, with contempt in his eye and in his voice.  
Then, calling back the other man, who was about at the door on his way out of the room, he said to him: "What's your excuse?"  
"I haven't any, sir."  
"You're excused."  
He used to have debates in his classroom. At one of them a student, whom Bascom subsequently described as a "flourishing fellow," in the heat of his eloquence said, "I wish that I had the ability and the time to exhaust this subject."  
"You have the time," said Bascom.—Harper's Weekly.

## Smart Boy Wins.

The visitor was examining the class of small boys. He held the chalk in midair.  
"What number shall I draw on the board?" he asked of one boy.  
The boy replied, "Thirty-two."  
The visitor drew the number backward, which made twenty-three.  
"Is that right?" asked the visitor.  
"Yes, sir; yes, sir," answered the boy in a timid way.  
"What number shall I take now?" he asked of another.  
The boy answered, "Sixty-two," whereupon the visitor drew the number backward, as before—twenty-six.  
"Is that right?" he asked.  
"Yes, sir," replied the boy.  
A long way back a bright eyed boy held up a wavering hand.  
"What number shall I draw for you?" asked the visitor.  
The boy called out, "Forty-four!" Then, when the visitor had drawn it, he yelled out, "Now, if you are so blamed smart, twist that around!"—New York Globe.

## A Financial Embarrassment.

A lady who had a kindly remembrance for all her domestic servants met an erstwhile washerwoman and stopped to ask her how she fared.  
"Oh, mem, it's turrrible finanshul distress me an the childer's in!"  
"Why, what is it? Are you out of employment?"  
"No, mem. Work's in a fair state o' stiddiness and not a cent do I owe, but it's lashing o' trouble I've got!"  
"Are you not paid promptly?"  
"As promptly as the day cooms round."  
"What is your financial distress, then?"  
"Well, mem" (in a burst of horror), "what's killin' me is, I earn \$6 the week an' pay \$8 for me board, an' God only knows how I do it!"—Short Stories.

## So Many?

They went in to dinner together. He was very bashful, and she tried in vain to draw him out. Finally she began to talk books, and he became responsive.  
"And Hugo," she asked, "do you like his style?"  
"Oh, yes," he replied, "I find him intensely interesting. I've read a number of his books."  
Then she asked, "Have you read 'Ninety-Three'?"  
"No, I've—er—only read three. I didn't know he had written so many."—Lippincott's Magazine.

## As Japanese See It.

It is said the Japanese think our grown women most alarmingly overgrown, very shocking in their costume and quite dreadful as regards their teeth and their feet—in a word, outrageous. They consider the kimono preferable to western habiliments because it so completely obliterates the lines of the figure. They teach girls to talk with their lips almost closed, concealing the teeth, and to walk with the feet parallel in tiny steps or even toeing in.—Kansas City Journal.

## The Latest Hour.

"What time is it, my lad?" asked a traveler of a small boy who was driving a couple of cows home from the fields.  
"Almost 12 o'clock, sir," replied the boy.  
"I thought it was more."  
"It's never any more here," returned the lad, in surprise. "It just begins at 1 again."—Lustige Blatter.

## And the Boy Was Right.

"If one quart of berries cost 7 1/2 cents, how much would three quarts cost?" asked a Brooklyn teacher in an oral test the other day.  
"They would cost you 22 cents," promptly responded a little boy. "We have nothing less than 1 cent in our money, and the man would just make it 22 cents."—New York Press.

## Yes, She Painted.

Young Gotrox (admiring picture in parlor)—Does your sister paint, Margie? Little Margie—Yes, sir; but she's

finished now, and as soon as she puts a little powder on she'll be right down.—Chicago News.

## The Party Line.

Hubby—Why didn't you come to the door and let me in? Wife—I couldn't. George. Our neighbor was talking to somebody, and I was at the phone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Always speak a good word for the dead and now and then one for the living when you have time.—Missouri Sharpshooter.

## Reade's Eccentric English.

Reade's use of the English language, too, was eccentric, not to say ludicrous. In "A Simpleton," when he wished to signify that two people turned their backs on each other in a fit of temper, he wrote, "They showed napes." Describing the complexion of the New Haven fishwives in "Christie Johnstone," he says, "It is a race of women that the northern sun peachifies instead of rosewoodizing." In "Readiana" he describes a gentleman giving a lunch to two ladies at a railway restaurant as follows: "He souped them, he tough chickened them, he branded and cochinealed one, and he branded and burnt sugared the other (brandy and cochineal and brandy and burnt sugar being Reade's euphemisms for port and sherry respectively). While he was preparing his series of articles on Old Testament characters he read what he had written to John Coleman on one occasion and came to this startling passage in his argument: "Having now arrived at this conclusion, we must go the whole hog or none."

Coleman objected to this phrase.

"You don't like the hog, I see," said Reade. "Well, it's a strong figure of speech, and it's understood of the people, but—yes, you are right. It's scarcely Scriptural, so out it goes."—Gentleman's Magazine.

## Bass Are Real Cute.

It is related for a fact that the reason bass jump—and it is common practice of the fish—is because they wish to acquire grace and strength in testing their ability against that of fishermen.

Several men who say they know what they are talking about point out that bass do most of their jumping during the spring and are especially active just before the open season begins.

At this time they may be seen doing long distance jumps, somersaults and side stepping.

One bass expert goes so far as to say that he spent an entire afternoon watching a three pound bass dragging a long willow sapling through the water and acting as if it were caught on a hook.

Leaping into the air, it would turn in a half circle as if to disgorge the barb, and then it would swim backward in an endeavor to snap the branch.

This fisherman asserts that what jumping the bass do during the summer is merely to keep in practice and not get stale.—Philadelphia North American.

## Improving Nature.

To "paint the lily; to gild refined gold," when taken in a literal sense, seem processes too absurd for serious deliberation. Flowers of unnatural hues, however, bloom in florists' windows, and the color green as applied to the carnation is no longer confined to the title of a book. But the Persians do even worse things in the name of beauty. They dress up their flowers, according to Mr. Willis in "The Land of Lion and Sun."

Persia is not a land of flowers. Zinnias, convolvulus, asters, balsams, wall-flowers, chrysanthemums, marigolds and roses are the principal blooms of the country.

The Persians, not content with the plain flower, cut rings of colored paper, cloth or velvet and ornament the bloom, placing the circles of divers hues between the first and second rows of petals.

The effect is strange. One, at first glance, supposes he sees a bouquet of curious and bizarre flowers of entirely new varieties.

## The Boomerang and Its Inventors.

The boomerang is rather a puzzle. One might think that the highest laws of mathematics had been laid under contribution in the perfecting of it. The convexity on one side, the flatness on the other and the sharp, knife-like edge on the inside of the convexity have the air of having been carefully thought out. Yet the people who invented this singular weapon cannot count higher than five and are destitute of all the arts and amenities of life. Theirs is perhaps the lowest plane of human life. Some people have assumed that the boomerang was the creation of an older and higher civilization, but for this there is no evidence. It must be the product of an age long empirical use of throwing weapons.—London Spectator.

## Woman's Way.

Bumpus—Give me a pair of lady's shoes, please. Shopman—What size? Bumpus—Oh, no matter. They're for my wife, and she won't be pleased anyway.—Ally Sloper.